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THE GOOD BOY.

He has put away his naughty "sectionalism" pop-gun, and is real good now.
PUCK hopes it is n't on account of the cake.

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NAMING BABY.

"**H**E MUST be called," his Grandma said,
 "By some familiar name." —
 "No hero, though!" I said; "the lad
 Must have a chance for fame." —
 "And no saint" — this his father held —
 "I've seen enough of that!"
 So all were pleased, when Uncle Jack
 Said, "Call the baby Platt!"

A MERITORIOUS PROMOTION.

"Gentlemen," said the editor-in-chief when the staff had assembled, "at a meeting of the directors to-day, it was decided to promote Mr. Spacerayt to the post of Japanese War Correspondent, in place of Mr. Gore, who resigns to go into the furniture business in Brooklyn. Mr. Spacerayt's office will be on the tenth floor, where all cable despatches from Tokio and Shanghai must be taken. This promotion is but the just due of Mr. Spacerayt, after ten years on the night desk. We can feel sure that Mr. Spacerayt will perform his new duties to our satisfaction:



HELPING HIM OUT.

DRUGGIST (*wrapping up bottle of patent medicine*). — Yes; we don't make a cent on these patent medicines. All our time, interest and store rent on them are a dead loss.

FAIR PURCHASER (*sympathetically*). — Oh, is that so? That is too bad. Let me see if I don't wish something else. Oh, yes! Give me five one-cent stamps.



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CAREFUL OF HIS COMPANY.

CHOLLY CALUMET. — Show me where Mr. Biggins lives and I will give you a quarter.

THE VILLAGE DRUNKARD. — All right; but say, Mister, walk a little behind me, for all the people round here know me.

that each day will see him at his desk; and that his war news will be accurate and reliable."

After the congratulations, the usual daily routine of a great paper was resumed.

FAMILY SUSPICIONS VERIFIED.

CADDINGTON. — Phew! I'm in a terrible scrape! At the masquerade last night I made desperate love to a sylph-like creature, and when the time came to unmask it was —

FULLJAMES (*interrupting*). — Same old story — your wife?

CADDINGTON (*with a groan*). — Oh! if it had been her I could have bluffed it out that I knew her all the time — it was my sister-in-law, and now —



HIS GREAT TRIAL.

CALLER. — You must be terribly bored by office-seekers these days.

THE MAYOR. — The real bores are the fellows who drop in to assure me that they don't want anything.

AMBITION SHOULD be made of legal tender stuff.

WHAT A lawyer does n't know is not worth lying about.

THE MOST helpless creature in the world is a man with a sore thumb.

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MY WIFE RECEIVES.

MY WIFE receives to-day from four till six;
I left her busy with the candlesticks,
Her mind intent on patties and croquettes.
So they 're identified with modish sets,
Saints, sinners, churchmen and rank heretics
My wife receives.

This gossip comes just as that gossip picks
Her homeward way across the garden bricks—
A hundred bidden, and not one "regrets"
My wife receives.

This is the game in which I take no tricks;
'T is mine to soothe the butler if he "kicks,"
To dine downtown because Eliza frets
Of overwork, — smoke cheaper cigarettes,
And on the first the little bills to "fix,"
My wife receives.

Edward W. Barnard.



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SIMPLICITY ITSELF.

"Did you send for me, Lymelytes?" asked the disengaged actor, as he entered the manager's office.

"Yep," was the ready reply; "here 's your chance. Muggers, who plays the villain in 'Roddy, the Ranter,' is sick, and has no understudy. You can take the part."



"Great Scott!" gasped the agitated actor; "the second part in the play, and it's seven o'clock now! No living man could get the lines in that time."

"Pshaw! Dinkman, is that all you know about Irish drama?" sneered the manager. "You 're the villain, man; *the villain!* Your lines consist of a perpetual scowl. Every time the old man and his daughter are alone, you come on and say: 'The time is up. Pay your rent or out you go!' Every time the colleen scolds you or the old woman whacks you with a broom as 'a murdering scoundrel!' you go off shaking your fist and hissing, 'a time will come!' At every insulting speech, and your Irish landlord gets nothing else if he is black-hearted enough to want his rent, you only start and gasp 'Ha!' Don't forget to do this, especially when the village idiot calls you a bloodsucker. When the English army is on, you point to the hero, saying, 'Seize yon rebel dog!' When the hero at the end of every act grabs you by the throat, you say, 'Curse you! you are choking meh!' See? it's dead easy: "Pay your rent or out you go!' 'A time will come!' 'Ha!' 'Seize yon rebel dog!' 'Curse you! You are choking meh!'"

"Why, man, it's a cinch, that part!"

R. I. M.

THE DEAR CHILD.

MR. KIDDER.—That baby will drive me mad! Five o'clock in the morning, and it howling the time down!

MRS. KIDDER (*soothingly*).—But, John, the dear little thing never woke once during the night.

MR. KIDDER.—Yes, gosh blame it! I guess that's what makes him so mad.

A GREAT DEAL of worldly success is due to knowing just when and how much to lie.



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GUILTY.

PHILADELPHIAN (*showing NEW YORKER the sights of his town*).—There! Here it is three o'clock in the morning, and there are lots of places not shut up yet. Talk about our town being slow!

NEW YORKER.—Well, don't that prove it? If these places were in New York they would have been shut up three hours ago.

THE CASE OF BILIOUS PETE.



THE BRAND of justice dispensed in certain localities of the great and glorious West bears a marked resemblance to a kangaroo, in that it is well-nigh impossible to prophesy in advance how far it will jump, or in what direction. The case of the late Peter K. Hoon, familiarly known as "Bilious Pete," seems to me to be an incident to the point.

It was believed that he was dead at the time that the major portion of his person was discovered in a remote gully where the coyotes had lately dined in his appreciated company. The coroner's jury, after due deliberation, found him guilty of being dead, as charged. The undertaker accepted the verdict and acted accordingly. A brief and entirely non-committal obituary notice in the *Weekly Clarion* was inspired by the same belief. The widow labored under a like impression when, in due season, she wedded an honest, true-hearted man, the direct antithesis of the late Mr. Hoon.

And, yet, in spite of the overwhelming evidence

against him, Bilious Pete reappeared on the scene some time later. The mortgage on the little house had been paid by the honest man who had come after him, and the little house itself neatly painted. He hardly knew the place at first, but he emphatically knew a good thing when he saw it. When he sought to re-possess what he considered his own, the honest man smote him heavily and likewise kicked him out into the cold world. But still he lingered near.

About this time, that potent body known as Prominent Citizens took his case under advisement, in the office of Col. Handy Polk, the real estate agent. Col. Polk briefly reviewed Pete's unenviable career and touched upon the sufferings of the poor, abused wife, who had almost worn her life out in his service.

"I spent the evening at that little house not long ago," he said, in continuation; "and—well, that poor woman is happier now than she ever was during her life with Pete. Most of us remember her as Kitty Lane, not so very many years ago—she wore little curls around her sweet face then, and—"

"We used to call her the Sunbeam of the Settlement," said the editor of the *Clarion*.

"And, now," resumed Col. Polk, "if Pete—"

"Pete's dead!" interrupted Alkali Ike, who was a zealot. "Put it to a vote!"

"All who are in favor of Bilious Pete's being dead, as charged, will please say 'Aye!'" said Col. Polk.

Peter was unanimously elected a corpse.

"Bilious Pete being dead," pursued the colonel, "it is our duty to—"

"Our duty to bury him ag'in!" broke in Alkali Ike. "It hain't right to permit a dead body to go sasshayin' around the settlement, a-skeerin' of horses and tourists and timid women! I move you, sir, that we go and bury this yere corpse decently and to once!"

The motion was promptly seconded.

"All in favor of it will please say 'Aye!'" said the colonel.

The motion was carried unanimously. Accordingly, a grimly-enthusiastic posse, headed by Alkali Ike, made search for the body. The late Mr. Hoon, when found, appeared to regard the matter as a joke, but his mind was speedily disabused of the idea. He emphatically denied the charge of being dead, but the proof was overwhelmingly against him. Alkali Ike eagerly offered to prove it to him with any known weapon at ten paces. Ike was, however, restrained by his friends.



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HE RECOGNIZED IT.

MR. STRYKER CORDS.—There goes that Moorish Lamp at last—I knew the chain was n't strong enough to hold it;—and those vases knocked down, too!



THE GERMAN GENTLEMAN (from the room across the hall).—My dear sir, vill you do me der favor to blay dot magnificent passage from Wagner's *Walküre* vonce more again aieretty? It vas grand!

A little later, sundry tourists and other persons were shocked and surprised to behold an active and reluctant corpse firmly bound to a detached cellar-door being borne toward the cemetery by a band of grim men who paid not the slightest attention to the remarks of the deceased, some of which were decidedly picturesque. To all inquiries they responded that it was indeed a nice day, and trudged onward.

However, they failed to complete their work, for when the corpse was unbound at the grave-side it leaped up and fled toward the south-west like a roebuck. Alkali Ike drew his revolver, but his companions restrained him, and the late Bilious Pete disappeared in the dim distance.

Divorce proceedings were instituted by the widow, but before the decree was granted the late Mr. Hoon again met his death, this time in another settlement and at the hands of a perfect gentleman who was possessed of a faro bank and a short temper.

It seems to me that the case of the late Bilious Pete goes to prove the allegation that the style of justice sometimes dispensed in the Occident, while perfectly plain, is fully as satisfactory as the more ornate pattern prevailing in the effete East.

Tom P. Morgan.

NOT A SURE SIGN.

CUSTOMER (disappointedly).—Why, Mr. Cohenstein, your goods are not a bit cheaper than they were last week!

MR. COHENSTEIN (with promptness).—How could dey be ven I hadt to pay von hundred undt twelluf tollars fer der bainting of dot new big "Selling Oudt Regardless of Gost" sign?

A GREAT HELP.

BARKER.—That ice-water bath I advised you to take helped your cold did n't it?

BARKER.—Yes, very much;—almost heiped it into pneumonia.

THE EARTH shook wildly, oceans tossed,
The temples fell a-wrack;
He stood unhurt, his foot-ball hair
Was hanging down his back.

THE OTHER fellow is all right, of course, with his few millions and his undying fame and his wondrous intellect, and all that. Too bad he has that one constitutional disability. It's congenital, and can not be cured. He is n't Us.

IN CHICAGO it is known as *déjeuner à la couteau*.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.



SHE THOUGHT him tame—an awful bore,
And, when he came to call,
Rolled, with no great alacrity,
The conversational ball.

She said his carefulness of speech
Suggested prunes and prisms;
She scorned the way he did his hair,
And loathed his mannerisms.

She said his deferential air
And thoughtfulness were tiring;
That, if she needed service,
She could have it, for the hiring.

And that, because he was so slow,
And she liked force and vim,
She *never, never, never* could—
And then she married him.

Hilda Johnson.

THANKFUL FOR THAT.

WILLIS.—I'm glad I have n't as large a family as
Hawkins has.

WALLACE.—Why, he only has a wife!

"Yes, I know; but she weighs two hundred pounds!"

OF PRACTICAL VALUE.

CROSSE.—I see where the farmers are demanding that the
training in the various agricultural colleges should be less technical
and more practical.

BLACKWELL.—Yes; they want lecture courses on the fallacy of trying
to raise the money to pay a mortgage by a city trip on a green goods
invitation.

LAUGHED THE Living Picture: "I am not
A lover of clothes, good sir."
Yet 't was plain when she got her toggery on,
It was very near to her.



AN EARLY CHRISTIAN.

AUNT.—Don't you say your prayers at night?
WILLY.—Nope! I ain't afraid with a light in the room.



TOO LATE.

TRAIN ROBBER.—Do you mean to tell me a man with a watch and chain
like that travels around with only three dollars and twenty-three cents in his
pocket? Come, get out the rest!

PASSENGER.—That's right! I've been in every jack-pot since we left
Chicago.

WARNED IN TIME.

JUNIOR.—So you did n't propose to her, after all?

WEED.—No; and I'm not going to. When I got to her house I
found her chasing a mouse with a broom.

ALAS!

MISS HARLEM.—To-day I saw three men deferentially stand aside
on an "L" platform until four ladies entered the car.

MISS DOWNTOWN.—Well, does n't that prove my assertion that New
York men are chivalrous to a fault?

MISS HARLEM (*with a sigh*).—No; it was an empty car.

TOO MUCH.

"Never!"

The maiden gazed thoughtfully at the bicycle bloomers.

"I could never dare such an innovation."

Tempted, she hesitated.

"With them I would fear no accident befalling me," she
murmured.

However, with a sigh, she threw aside her brother's sus-
penders.

HARD TO PLEASE.

The seraph that he painted he believed
Beauteous as those in heaven that abide;
And yet he raved, disgruntled and
aggrieved,
When by the art committee it was
"skied."



JUST THE MAN HE WANTED.

EDITOR.—Do you know how to run
a newspaper?

APPLICANT.—No, sir.

"Well, I'll try you. I guess you've had experience."

JESS.—I never could see any sense in tiddledywinks.

BESS.—Why not?

JESS.—Why, you don't have to wear any particular costume in order
to play it.

[T WOULD be a great thing for humanity if trolley cars could be as easily
dodged as pecuniary obligations.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.



ES; I HAVE been engaged as book-keeper in the Collateral National Bank," said John Anderson, as he removed his overcoat. "I hope the position will be permanent, because I am tired of being out of work."

"Surely it will be permanent," said his young wife, her face beaming with happiness. "Your accounts will never be short."

"I hope not," said John. "There are folks in the world to whom other people's money is little temptation, and I hope I am one of them. But it will not be enough for me to be honest. I must live so as to disarm suspicion. I believe that many bank clerks are constantly shadowed by private detectives, and minute reports are made of all their actions."

Therefore, I can not be too careful."

"Of course not, John; but what objection could possibly be made to your conduct?"

"Well, in the first place, I must resign my membership in the church. It will grieve our dear old pastor, I know; but he will understand that there is no help for it."

With a sigh, Mrs. Anderson assented.

"And I ought to join a couple of clubs. It would be a fatal mistake to allow those private detectives to find me spending my evenings at home."

"You know best, John," said Mrs. Anderson.

"And if I should occasionally come home — er — a — loaded, you will understand that it is not fondness for liquor, but merely my anxiety for permanent employment that will cause my deplorable condition."

"Yes, John."

"And I must ask the boys around to play quarter limit, say once a week. If those private detectives find that I am playing quarter limit with interest, and even enthusiasm, they will conclude that I have no larger schemes on hand."

"Yes, John."

"It is a good thing that horse-racing has been stopped in New York. Otherwise, I suppose I would be expected to play the races; and that is a pretty expensive occupation for a man with a moderate salary."

"It is a good thing there will be no horse-racing," assented Mrs. Anderson.

"We may not be able to save much; but we can probably make both ends meet," said John. "And, in time, if I attend carefully to the duties of my position, especially after office hours, I think we may look forward to better days."

And together they prepared to face the future with courage and hope. M. W.

WHEN WOMAN gets the silks,
man gets the sulks.



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A CHIEF AMONG MEN.

HUNGRY HAWKINS.—An' what did der Doctor down to der horspittle say was de matter wid yer?

WEARY RAGGLES.—He said me liver would n't work.

HUNGRY HAWKINS (*admiringly*).—Shake, old man; shake! Yer one of us, down to de werry core, ain't yer?

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THE REJECTED SUITOR;

OR, A LOVE STORY ON ICE.



I.



II.

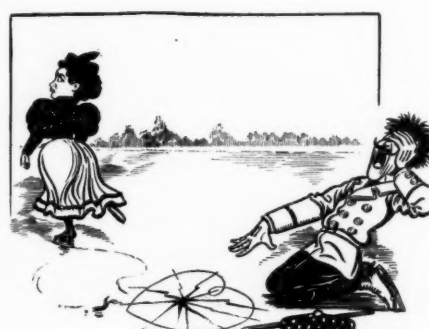
III.



IV.



V.



VI.

A GOOD THING.

BROWN.—How is it that Hoolihan can run his place so wide open Sundays? He must have a great pull!

JONES.—Pull? He's got a pull like a safety-razor!

THE LATEST IN THE SUBURBS.

TOWNE.—Say, old man! don't you find it hard getting home from the station, this icy weather?

ORANGE FUTHILS (*enthusiastically*).—Why, my boy, a corps of guides meets every train, with life-lines and alpenstocks, and off we go up the glassy steeps, yodeling like birds!

WHEN IT is considered how much fight a pugilist can talk without injury, it is hard to realize that his jaw is his most vulnerable point.

FROM THE standpoint of intrinsic worth we should think the quail would be more appropriate than the eagle upon a golden coin.

THE BEST "dress-improver" is a good figure.



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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, February 27th, 1895. — No. 938.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**REFORM
VERSUS
HARMONY.**

THE MOST encouraging feature of Mayor Strong's administration, thus far, is his evident indifference to party harmony. "Party harmony"—either Democratic or Republican—means doling out the offices in your gift with a view to keeping your party in power. Obviously, then, we can not have party harmony and an honest administration. Our new Mayor, having achieved party discord, would thus deserve praise, even though he had done nothing more practical in the way of reform. The harmony that existed in the Democratic party during its glad years of supremacy in New York was beautiful and inspiring. Tammany enjoyed a perpetual love feast. Long and unsatisfying contemplation of this feast had whetted the appetites of Platt and his henchmen, and it was only natural, that, having helped to elect a Republican Mayor, they should have looked forward to an old-time family gathering around the festal board. The feast has been spread, but Mayor Strong is revising the Republican invitation list with a nice care worthy of the late Mr. McAllister. In consequence, the Republican ranks have broken into disorder. Even Platt has lost his nerve and makes wild threats about throttling all reform measures at Albany in case his gang is not given as fair a chance as Tammany had to loot New York City. He does not put it quite that way, but that is what he means. The lesser Republican Bosses are similarly demoralized, and threaten awful things against Mr. Strong for his betrayal of the Machine. Of course, this anger of the Republican Bosses because Mr. Strong is trying to administer the affairs of the city honestly and economically, is extremely distressing; but things are looking brighter for New York, because of it.

**HAWAIIAN
HYSTERIA.**

IT WAS a disturbing spectacle, that of the Senate of the United States going off into a fit of hysterics and voting to have the Government lay a cable between the United States and the Hawaiian islands. It is to be hoped that this is the final paroxysm; and yet, it is reported that another bill will be introduced to make the Government construct a railroad on a pile trestle between the two countries. Thank heaven, we have a President with sufficient courage to veto such a bill if it is passed. As to

the cable, not only is there no reason why the Government should lay a cable to Hawaii, but there is no reason why any one should do it. If it were a sane business venture, private capital would attend to it. The Senators who have been talking Hawaii for months past, while the national credit of their own country was suffering, have made themselves ridiculous by this last outbreak. They have been actuated from first to last chiefly by a desire to show up Grover Cleveland as a scoundrel and a traitor; they have succeeded only in winning the approval of a few blather-skite editors, and in showing themselves to be unworthy of the high positions which they occupy. As yet we have been unable to trace to any reliable source the rumor that Senator Lodge will seek to have the President and his cabinet beheaded for complicity in the late Hawaiian rebellion; but, if it be true, we can assure him now that he is going too far. These Honoluluatics need watching.

**HYPNOTISM
TO BLAME.**

THE ATTENTION which hypnotism is receiving in the courts nowadays is striking and suggestive. Almost every day some murderer sets up the plea that he acted under the hypnotic control of another. Thus far hypnotism seems to have served only as a defense for crimes. We have not heard of any one who fell back upon it to excuse a good act. It is thus needful that we determine quickly to what extent it prevails and take steps to combat its fell sway. Although hypnotism has not yet been suggested as a defense for the unfortunates, there is good reason to believe that the members of the Fifty-third Congress have been under hypnotic control ever since they convened. No other hypothesis will intelligently explain their senseless and unpatriotic acts. It would be impossible for the same number of rational men to be so uniformly stupid. Some wicked person has secured control over them for his own base ends. He has commanded them to ascertain the wishes of the President and to oppose them bitterly and steadily, at any cost to the country. As the President has wanted several things that were clearly for the good of the country, the influence of this unknown hypnotist has been exceedingly harmful. His latest manifestation of power was to cause Congress to rob the people of sixteen million dollars, which it did in as cold-blooded a manner as ever Spike Hennessey cracked a safe. Clearer evidence of the complete subjection of our legislators could not be adduced. The thing to do now is to discover this arch-enemy of the country. For a time we were suspicious of the editor of the New York Tribune. We were inclined to believe that he had not only hypnotized Congress but also the editor of his contemporary, the New York Sun, which paper had suddenly changed its politics from Democratic to Republican. The Tribune editor clears himself, however, in a late issue of his paper by blithely heading an account of this Congressional steal with the words "Cleveland Snubbed Again." Of course no man with mind enough to be a successful hypnotist could be so idiotic as to call the act of taking sixteen million dollars of the people's money a "snub" for the President. He is thus fully relieved from the suspicion of having hypnotized Congress, and we have remembered that the editor of the Sun is wicked enough, anyway, without being hypnotized; so we must look elsewhere for the culprit. He should be detected as speedily as possible and put where he can not get in his work upon the next Congress.

TWO STRINGS TO HIS BOW.

LITTLE IKEY (who is looking over the paper).—Och, Popper, ven I gedts to be a man I vill be von uf dose andi-reform Re-publigans.

MR. GOLDSTEIN (admiringly).—Vy so, mine son; vy so?

LITTLE IKEY.—Fer vy? Den uf I don't gedt me no office by mine bardy, Mr. Blatt vill gedt me a chop mit his egsbress gombany!

FINANCE.

HE.—You see, if we were on a silver basis, every dollar would lose half its value.

SHE.—Then those hateful Brown-Joneses could n't put on so many airs as they do now!

UNGRAMMATICAL, BUT TRUE.

Ladies who follow the extreme of Fashion are not likely to accept Dress Reform *cum* Grannis.

SACRED PRECINCTS.

MISS DOGOOD.—You are very active in charity work, Miss Slumly, but I have noticed that you never go into Rat Alley or Tumbledown Lane.

MISS SLUMLY.—Of course not, my dear! I belong to the church of St. Dives, you know, and it owns all of that part of the town.

SILENCE MAY be golden, but a reasonable amount of pertinent verbal observation helps to bring in some kind of legal tender.



THE PERILS OF JOURNALISM.

MANAGING EDITOR.—Here's a cigar for you, Collums.

COLLUMS (inspecting it dubiously).—Is this a gift or an assignment, sir?

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MUTUAL S

UNCLE SAM. — I'm sorry for you, John; — the
JOHN BULL. — Shake 'ands, old chap; — you



TUAL SYMPATHY.

, John;—that 's a terrible load you 've got to carry!
chap;—you seem to be 'avin' a pretty 'ard time, yourself!



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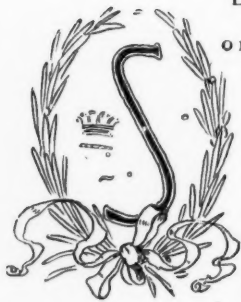
EMANCIPATED WOMAN.

MRS. HENRY PECK (as she prepares to take a spin on her wheel).—You are the most neglectful man I ever met!

MR. HENRY PECK (meekly).—What 's the matter now, dear?

MRS. HENRY PECK (angrily).—Matter enough! Here's this suspender button off these trousers yet, and I told you about it more than a week ago!

LOVE SONGS MADE EASY.



SO MUCH in this sweet earth is fair,
From Spring-time through the year,
I know not what thing to compare
In beauty to my dear;
Yet Beauty's self were put to shame
Could it behold—(Here state her name.)

Her eyes, dear eyes, my love's eyes
true
That droop so modestly,
Have stole their color (state their hue)
From out—(woods, sky or sea)
And on the sweetness of her lips
Love, ever hov'ring, gently sips.

Her tiny feet that softly tread
The winding garden way,
Pass o'er the path that straight doth lead
To where my heart doth lay;
And there may her tiny feet e'er rest—
(Expunge this if you fear the test.)

So much in this sweet earth is fair,
From Spring-time through the year,
I know not what thing to compare
In beauty to my dear;
Ah, would she, since she has discerned
My wish, give me—(state plainly what you wish her to
give you; enclose in envelope with a two-cent stamp; mail
to the editor and thank your lucky stars if it is n't accepted).

Richard Stillman Powell.

"I SUPPOSE," observed Adam, after the fall, "that we must go."
"I have n't a blessed thing to wear," protested Eve.
The Thought was born.

A CHARITABLE VIEW OF IT.

FIRST COMMUTER.—Bleeker, in our office, makes me laugh. He had the office-boy take home a pair of shoes for him;—said he would n't be seen carrying a bundle.

SECOND COMMUTER (confidentially).

—Did it ever occur to you that some of these fellows you see going so steady about their work, were, outside of that, stark crazy?

CAUSE FOR REGRET.

GOBBLESTEIN.—It vos too bad ve can't eat dot terrapin shell, vos n't it?

HOCKHEIMER.—Vy so, Isaac?

GOBBLESTEIN.—Vy, because it vos *diamond* back?

RESTRICTED.

"John, we really must move this Spring."

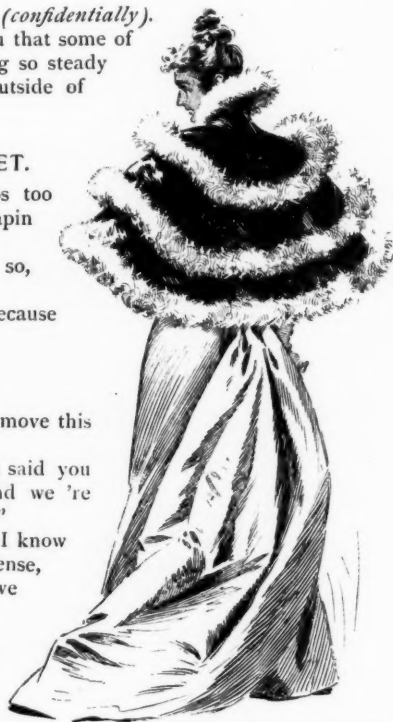
"Why, I thought you said you liked living in a flat. And we're comfortably settled, and—"

"Yes, I do like our flat; and I know all about the trouble and expense, and I'm awfully sorry, too; but we just must!"

"What 's the matter?"

"Well; now that baby's so big, he looks just too cunning for anything in his crib, and we must get into a place where I can lean down and kiss him in it."

"WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE"
—Every Time They Hold
a Consultation.



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TOO ROOMY.

"Dost wear thy heart upon thy sleeve?"
I asked of the winsome maid.
She shook her head. "I'd be afraid
I'd lose it, sir," she said.



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A YOUTHFUL INVITATION.

YOUTHFUL ENTHUSIAST.—Hi, Mickey! Come out an' git warm!

IT WAS THIS WAY.

MRS. SMITH.—Why did you all resign from the society?
 MRS. JONES.—Well, at the last meeting Mrs. Brown offered an amendment to the by-laws, and made a beautiful speech; and, after awhile, the amendment was carried. Then they went on to discuss something else, when Mrs. Brown happened to remember something which she had forgotten to say when she had the floor, so she moved the previous question. Well, the motion for the previous question was carried, and—would you believe it?—they would n't allow Mrs. Brown to say a single word about that question or anything else! I never heard of such a thing, and we would n't stay in the society one single minute after such treatment!

FRIGID.

I promised that a sealskin sacque
 This year should warm my little *frau*,
 But broke my pledge, and she, alack,
 Is colder than an iceberg now!

THE SAVING CLAUSE.

LEA.—I saw a bundle of damaging letters written by Sir Horace Walpole, to-day. They had passed through the most extraordinary vicissitudes and were finally discovered in a junk shop where they had lain for years, but yet not hurt a particle.

PERRINS.—I'll bet every one of 'em was marked "Burn this!" or "Please destroy!"

EVILS OF THE CONTEMPORARY PARAGRAPH.

PRIMUS.—So there's a misunderstanding between Dobson and his wife?

SECUNDUS.—Yes; she comes from Chicago, and always refers to Dobson, in New York, as her first husband.



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ASKING TOO MUCH.

DE GOOSBY.—I'm utterly ruined—I've lost every cent of my money—what shall I do?

REGGY.—Never mind, old chap—brace up and be a man.

DE GOOSBY.—What—and brush some other fellow's boots and clothes? Nevah!

A FEAST OF REASON.

PRISON OFFICIAL.—Are they hatching a conspiracy in the shoe department? There was too much talk going on there to-day.

ASSISTANT.—That's all right. Some of the shoemakers were expressing their views on the higher criticism, and others were discussing the probable effect of gold exports on the stock market.

MY PRIVATE ROSE.

HER DIMPLED cheek 's a dainty
 Carven little rose,
 Whose sculptured sweetness ever
 Richly overflows,

And fills my weary soul with
 Visions bright and fair,
 Upon my bosom blooming—
 Love's own boutonniere.

R. K. M.

FAILURE AGAIN.

"He still lacks polish."

There was a touch of scorn in her voice.

"He has been away so long; he promised so faithfully to do better. I—"

Her voice broke with a sigh—

"Will quit bothering with peddlers,—drat 'em!"
 And she went back to shine the stove with lard and lamp-black.



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SUBURBAN SPORT.

MR. SUBBUBS.—Yes; us men down at Lonesomehurst are getting quite sporty. We've organized a Hunt Club.

MR. TOWNSEND.—Why, there's nothing to hunt down at Lonesomehurst, is there?

MR. SUBBUBS.—No. You don't comprehend. The members of the Club come up to the city and hunt for a servant girl, and the man who is successful carries off the honors of the day.

"I ASK FOR bread," exclaimed the mendicant, bitterly, "and you give me a stone."

The man glanced apprehensively in the direction of his young bride, who was bending eagerly over the cook stove.

"Hush," he whispered. "That is n't a marker to what you'd have got if you had asked for custard pie."

With a swift exchange of glances they parted.

MAN is a curious animal: at least, he is the only animal that feels itself insulted on being called an animal.

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 STOUTON.—No; they are only a bare suggestion.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

BACON.—Troubles never come single.
 EGBERT.—Oh, I don't know; I've seen a fellow with only one black eye.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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CHILDISH REALISM.
 MAMA (in the next room).—Why are you saying you are five years old, when you know you are eight?
 CHILD.—We're only playing.
 "Playing what?"
 "Playing cars."—*Street & Smith's Good News.*
 EVEN coasting has its drawbacks.—*Yale Record.*

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 MR. DE STYLE.—Good Heavens! Are n't they out far enough already?

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AUNT.—What a notion! Why?

LITTLE DICK.—When I fight a littler boy than me, everybody says I ought to be 'shamed, and when I fight a bigger boy I get licked.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

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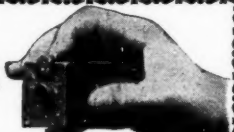
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PAPA'S ECONOMIES.

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LITTLE BROTHER.—I guess he's tryin' to save up enough money to pay for that smokin' jacket Mama gave him.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

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"This here beer," remarked Mr. Dismal Dawson, "is what might be called a regular society affair."

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"Yes, I do. It is a sorter low-neck, high-collar ball.—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

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LEADER, with emotion.—But, Podner, he killed a bartender!

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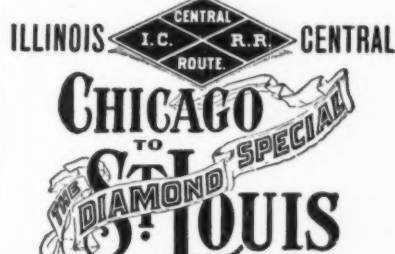
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THE LITTLE BOY (in disgust).—Naw! Dat ain't it. Mickey Flannigan and Teddy Keefe made dis slide, an' dey would n't let me slide on it, an' I'm just gittin' even.



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train-boy had!" With a cry of triumph the robber seized the prize.

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MR. McWORK.—Sure, Oi dunno. May be he do be thryin' to get rich enough to be a great pheelanthropist.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

"THE drinks are on me!" cried Sportleigh, '98, as his hilarious classmate spilled the claret lemonade over him.—*Yale Record*.

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A GOOD BOY'S EXPERIENCE.
LITTLE REGIE.—I don't b'lieve the Lord cares a cent for good boys.
FOND MOTHER.—Horrors! What put that idea into your head?
LITTLE REGIE.—He hardly ever makes good boys strong enough to lick bad boys.—*Street & Smith's Good News*.

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RELIGIOUS EDITOR.—My dear man, do you not know that the wages of sin is death?

SPORTING EDITOR.—Yes, I know; but a fellow has a run for his money; they are not payable in advance, I believe!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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NOT SMART.

Miss J.—Does Mr. Ponders belong to the smart set?

Miss K.—Oh, dear, no! Why, he's only a school teacher!—*South Boston News.*

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PUGILISTIC AMENITIES.

TUMPS.—I can lick you in—
SLUGS.—I ain't fightin' windmills these days. I ain't no Don Quixote. —*Cincinnati Tribune.*

GAME WARDEN Atwood, of Maine, is suffering from what the doctor calls "dacryocystosyringokataklelsis." It may not be contagious, but it is certainly spreading. —*Norristown Herald.*

WILLY CITYWAYS.—I guess Uncle Jay better read up a little on snow or colors. MAMA.—What does he say?

WILLY CITYWAYS.—He writes about the fields being white with snow. —*Inter Ocean.*

That Satisfied Feeling

which denotes a healthy digestion and a never-failing appetite can be cultivated by drinking Evans' India Pale Ale or Brown Stout. Those who drink either seldom suffer from dyspepsia, insomnia or stomach derangements.

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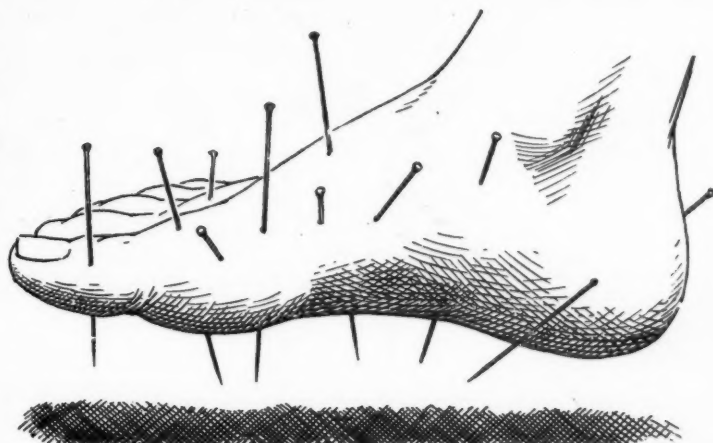
FOREIGNER.—Many of you Americans have distinguished ancestors, yet you never mention them. How is that?

AMERICAN.—It's this way. While we are poor we are ashamed to boast, and when we get rich we don't need ancestors. —*N. Y. Weekly.*

All persons suffering from stomach troubles should try BOKER'S BITTERS. Renowned specific since 1828.

JIMMY (reading).—"Bloody revolution in Honolulu!"

AUNT SARAH.—Huh! Did they stop th' k' years?—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



For Chilblains or Frost Bite, or for Sore or Tender Feet, the very best thing is

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AT THE TEA.

HE (breathlessly).—I can't get you any tea, this minute, Ethel. It seems to have run out.

SHE.—Never mind. Hand me that empty cup and saucer from the mantel. It'll do just as well. —*Yale Record.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

TEST OF STYLE.

MOTHER.—That note-paper is certainly very quaint, but are you sure it is fashionable?

DAUGHTER.—Oh! it must be. It's almost impossible to write on it. —*New York Weekly.*

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SOMEWHAT DEFICIENT.

NELLIE.—What part shall we give Reggie in our amateur theatricals?

CLARA.—“The Fool,” I should say.

NELLIE.—But he can't play it;—he has n't sense enough!